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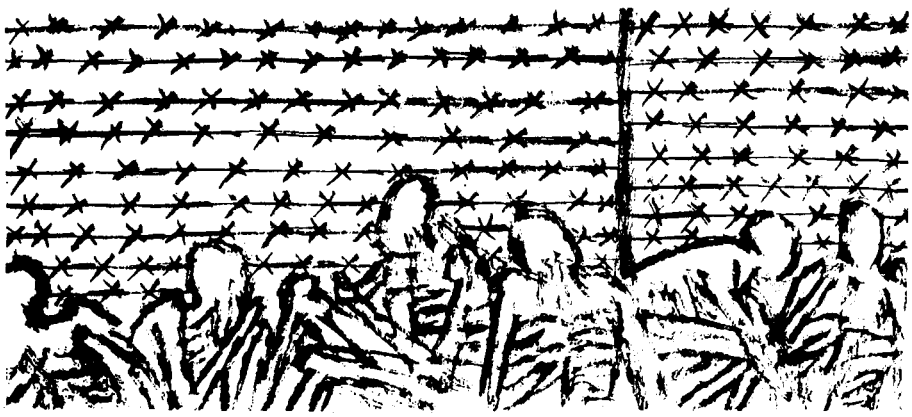

ELIE WIESEL— THE MODERN JOB

Maurice Friedman

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THE LATIN LEFT

Sidney Lens

DOES INTERVENTION WORK?

William Pfaff

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NEWS AND VIEWS

According to the *Tablet* of London, a nationwide poll (unidentified) in Holland shows that 68 percent of Dutch Catholics and 81 percent of the general population prefer a married clergy.

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Jubilee magazine polled 500 of its priest-subscribers on the celibacy issue. Two-thirds of those who replied urged a re-appraisal of the current discipline. Comments ranged from adamant defense (one-third) to strong criticism (one-fifth) of the present law. Twenty-five percent of those who received questionnaires replied. Representative samples will be published in the October issue.

•

The crisis of Notre Dame, as told by Francis Wallace in the new book *Notre Dame: From Rockne to Parseghian* (McKay, $5.95):

"A segment of the 'prestige' faculty [Father] Hesburgh has been bringing in from all over the world is more loyal to itself and to learning as such than to Notre Dame as an institution. Even some of the young priests, possibly touched by the freedom winds blowing in from things ecumenical, were having doubts about the authority of the University over them as teachers. This faculty idea, tolerated, if not encouraged by the administration, had begun to filter down among the students, especially the intellectual editors of *The Scholastic*, the weekly campus magazine. Result: Notre Dame was in danger of losing its unity, its cohesion, its *spirit*. The campus was in danger of being fragmented. *The* cause was in danger of being dissipated by *causes*. There were as yet no Communist cells, nor bearded beatniks, but there were guitars and faculty signatures in some of those full-page ads in the New York *Times*. . . . The relaxation of unity and discipline and behavior and *loyalty* among the faculty had filtered down through the students to the football players who were also students. . . . Presumably the idea [that Notre Dame did not have to be No. 1 in football] also had had tolerance from the Main Building, so defeatism had contributed to defeat. . . . The invasion had been stalled for the foreseeable future [by appointment of Ara Parseghian as football coach]. But would the wave form again? . . . At Notre Dame, and elsewhere, winning football, No. 1 football, is not *just* a game which you play but a *fight* for which you prepare yourself and get yourself *up* and in which there is no place for a coward. . . . Notre Dame likes, and will back, the prestige university as long as none of the essential things that made Notre Dame are sacrificed."

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We should all be grateful that the Catholic Traditionalists have shown such ineptitude in exploiting the anti-reform backlash. For instance, they have picketed the Apostolic Delegate's residence in Washington. As disinterested observers of the Traditionalists, we have always felt that people interested in fanning the backlash ought, as a rule, to refrain from picketing the Delegate.

•

"In the contemporary forms of Church authority there are effectively no channels through which the authority which resides in the whole Church can normally affect the authority which resides in the officers of the Church. The freedom of the members of the Church is power, but the power has no outlet. The authoritarian structure of the forms of government, however intelligently and justly it may be administered, reflects the concentration of authority and power in the officers. As such, the structure is a practical denial of the authority and power of the faithful. When this concentrated authority is handled with less than perfect prudence and fairness, the consequences can be most unfortunate. Structurally, there is no way to correct abuses of authority except rebellion, and no one thinks rebellion is a good way to do things. If there were regular channels of communication between authority and members, if the authority of the officers normally took pains to see that it reflected the authority of the members, abuses would be much less likely to arise."

John L. McKenzie, S.J.,
in *Authority in the Church*

•

For the benefit of conservative-watchers, we offer the results of a poll: 175 young conservatives were asked at a seminar in Lancaster, Pa., last July to identify their favorite conservative faction. The results: "Radical traditionalists" (Brent Bozell) 8 percent; "Libertarians" (Ludwig von Mises) 11 percent; "Objectivists" (Ayn Rand) 15 percent; "Traditionalists" (Russell Kirk) 32 percent; "Fusionists" (Frank Meyer) 34 percent. No, we have no idea what a Fusionist might be.

•

In hopes that St. Nicklaus soon would be there:

Father George Monaghan offered the following prayer at a golf club dinner in Guerneville, California:

"O God, the Author and Exemplar of poise, power, perseverance and pointedness, give us a portion of Your smoothness and accuracy on the golf course.

"Make all our shots long and true, all our putts square and plunkey, and all our thoughts and words decent and charitable.

"Make us meek and humble, amiable, and unselfish, careful, kind and conversational with the golf course. And may we carry all these God-like qualities with us wherever we go.

"Bless all who play this course. Bless our champions, our duffers, our par-ers, our birdies, and our quadruple bogies. May they all golf in a spirit of fun, charity, humility and respect for Your name. May golf make them better men and bring them closer to You . . . and one day, Lord, bring them all to Your green pastures where all shots will be straight and true and all scores will be pars, birds and eagles."

JOHN LEO

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CORRESPONDENCE

Boston

Cambridge, Mass.

To the Editors: I read with amazement Thomas McDonnell's review of Martin Green's *The Problem of Boston* (Sept. 16). In no way can Mr. McDonnell's often incoherent rumblings be said to be relevant to the subject of Mr. Green's book.

In his book Mr. Green calls attention to questions of importance for his readers, not only for Bostonians, but for all who are interested in the interrelationship between literature and society. He focuses our attention on the broadly significant problem of the relation between a culture and its artists; within this framework he gives us a fresh, informative and interesting study of late nineteenth-century New England.

If Mr. McDonnell had read the book carefully not only would he have seen these large facts which deserve the consideration of the reviewer, but also he might have been able to get his chronology straight. The period with which *The Problem of Boston* is primarily concerned is not mid-century when "Emerson and Thoreau . . . were already striking at the Establishment" but the later 19th century when Thoreau was already dead and Emerson was looked on by the Boston coup with an uncomfortable mixture of polite reverence and impatience (see Mr. Green's account of Howells on Emerson). . . . CAROL E. HURD

"Mother Night"

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: Your reviewer of *Mother Night* was careless [reviewed Sept. 16 by William James Smith]. This book is not Kurt Vonnegut's latest novel. It came out even before the other two novels your reviewer chooses to mention. Perhaps the hard-cover publishers were sneaky about stating this on their dust jacket. But if you think an author is at all worth reading, you should pay a little attention to his publications.

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THE U.N. IN QUICKSAND

Just one year ago Pope Paul VI stood before the General Assembly of the United Nations and offered, in simple and open fashion, "a solemn moral ratification of this lofty institution." The United Nations, the Holy Father declared, "represents the obligatory path of modern civilization and of world peace. . . . The peoples of the earth turn to the United Nations as the last hope of concord and peace. . . . The edifice which you have constructed must never fall; it must be perfected and made equal to the needs which world history will present. You mark a stage in the development of mankind from which retreat must never be admitted, but from which it is necessary that advance be made."

The day those words were spoken was a day of great enthusiasm. It is painful to re-read them today. For the U.N. is in crisis. Not the crisis of a Khrushchev banging his shoe or demanding a *troika*; that sort of crisis has been the stuff of the U.N.'s entire history. It is sudden and dramatic and, in a way, therefore self-regulating; such a challenge calls forth its own response. The present crisis is far more insidious: it consists of the steady draining of confidence in the world organization's ability to make its mark. If the image suggested by Khrushchev's assault was a tornado, the image of the current difficulties is a swamp—or quicksand.

The gap between the hope and the actuality is overwhelming. The world's rhetoric (save Peking's) does the U.N. honor—and it is $40 million in debt. Its function is to keep the peace—and the Vietnamese war is not even on the agenda. It was to be the source of a new breed of international diplomats free from national loyalties—and the announced retirement of one man has been enough to send the organization into a state of shell-shock.

The absolutely solid accomplishments of the U.N. are well known. In cases of less than head-on conflict between Great Powers it can usually do much to damp the fires: in Palestine, in Egypt, in the Congo, in Cyprus, in Kashmir. Thus local wars are kept from becoming global ones. Although its work in the area of development and relief has not proved the "functionalist" theory that international relations would be improved noticeably by cooperation on "neutral" projects, the results have been self-justifying.

But much more is needed if the current mood of despair is to be over-

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come. Projects for reform have not been lacking, running from schemes of weighted voting to proposals for more "middle-level" nations like Canada and India as permanent members of the Security Council. Most of these suggestions aim at the same goal—reducing the gap between U.N. procedures and the actual distribution of power in the world today. The idea is to head off the genuine danger that the U.N. may be abandoned as nothing but an arena for talk with no relation to the "real world" of international power. Yet none of these proposed reforms has any significant backing, certainly not from the U.S. or Moscow. Politically, it is unlikely that such changes be made in the abstract; they would have to be linked to a particular international crisis in the way that the expansion of the General Assembly's powers grew out of the Korean War. As for the admission of Red China, which we favor, this too would make the U.N. a more accurate representation of the distribution of international power; but no one can seriously argue that Peking's presence on the East River would do anything to solve the world organization's short-run difficulties.

Indonesia's return to the fold is one bright spot. If the United States and the Soviet Union could reach agreement on a non-proliferation treaty or even merely extend the test-ban treaty to include underground testing ("let the arms fall from your hands," Pope Paul pleaded a year ago), then the dynamism might be captured once again.

Assessing the U.N.'s work some years ago, a political scientist concluded, "What has not killed the United Nations has made it stronger." That is small encouragement, but reviewing the situation a year after the Pope's visit, it is about all we can glean.

SCHOOL 201

In appearance and in theory, Intermediate School 201 in Harlem had everything in its favor. Elegantly designed and air-conditioned throughout, it was to be favored by the presence of a hand-picked, fully integrated staff, unusually small classes, the most modern technological devices and numerous specialists. It was also supposed to have an integrated student body, a slight difficulty since there are no white children anywhere near that area of Harlem. A letter to thousands of white parents in the neighboring borough of Queens, inviting them to send their children to the school, got hardly any response at all. That was the first blow, though one which could easily have been foreseen.

The next blow was a demand from Negro parents in the area that a local community group be given control over faculty and curriculum. If they could not have an integrated school, they reasoned, then they should at least be allowed to have a school they themselves could control. Not unexpectedly, the city Board of Education was aghast at the proposal. And when, under dubious circumstances, the white principal of the school "voluntarily" resigned, the integrated teaching staff refused to teach until he was reinstated. At that point the issue was about as snarled as it could be; absolutely no solution seemed likely to come anywhere near satisfying the Board of Education, the local Negro parents and the teaching staff at the school. The appearance of Stokely Carmichael on the scene did little to sort out the real issues.

The significance of the whole incident is hardly limited to New York alone. There is less and less talk anywhere these days about the efficacy of massive busing of students as a way of beating de facto segregation. That means that segregated schools are likely to be a fact of urban life for some years to come. At the same time, since most large cities still have a white majority the school boards of those cities will be predominantly white. And barring a sudden upsurge in the number of professionally trained Negro teachers, the majority of teachers and administrators in the public school systems will also be white. The upshot, as the Harlem Negro parents see clearly, is that their children's education will be under the control of whites; whitey will call the tune. For Negroes with a desire to stress their own dignity, their need for self-direction, this appears more than they can tolerate. Hence, it is perfectly logical for Negroes to ask for control over schools with a totally Negro enrollment. Unfortunately, it is equally logical for Boards of Education to resist placing control of schools in the hands of non-professionals.

There are only two things to do when two equally reasonable ideas come into conflict. Look for a way to force one side to give way, or find an ingenious compromise. In this case neither side is likely to give way; each has too much at stake. Happily, there are the makings of an "ingenious compromise" at hand. That is the proposal of Dr. Kenneth Clark and a number of other Harlem leaders to create a special board to run I.S. 201. The board would be composed of three members of the Board of Education, three representatives of the parents and three university educators. Under this plan, neither the Board of Education nor the parents would exercise control, but both would be assured a voice. It is worth watching.

VIETNAM PILOT

An American pilot, in a letter to *Aviation Week and Space Technology*, offered a primer on how to read damage reports from Vietnam. "Structures destroyed," he wrote, means a straw-thatched hut; "boat" means anything from a 12-foot one-man dugout to a slightly larger sampan; "pack animal" means a water buffalo, cow, or even a pig or goat; "bridge," which sounds particularly impressive in destruction reports, means "a bamboo footbridge or a couple of logs felled across a stream." "Let's face the facts," he writes, "the VC are not anywhere near strong enough to occupy any permanent dwellings, let

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alone operate any warships in the rivers. Any such would have been bombed long ago."

Even more interestingly, the pilot launches into a brief cost-analysis of destroying water buffalo, goats and logs with heavy bombing: a VC hutch is worth perhaps $20, a pack animal about $100; the death of a VC recruit, whose training was minimal, is not costly. On the other hand, the bombers drop $300 napalm bombs, Mk 82s and 81s ($305 and $250 respectively), use 2100 gallons of expensive fuel per sortie, and risk a $2½ million F-4 or an $800,000 F-100 every time out—not to mention the pilot, who in financial terms, including training, is a $500,000 investment. The financial logic of the situation, the pilot says, has led to bombing from ever higher altitudes, and to pressure (from the pilot himself, for instance) to use bigger and bigger bombs to make up for the inaccuracy that longer-distance bombing will require. In other words, if it is not worth the risk to bomb a few VC or a foot-bridge or a water buffalo with medium-sized bombs at low altitude, the obvious thing to do is to use massive bombs from higher up. None of this, we note, has been widely aired in discussions of "pin-point" bombing that zeroes in on VC only, leaving non-combatants untouched.

The pilot, who wants to use 750-pound bombs instead of the usual 250-pound variety, does go on to complain that the 750-pounders don't seem to be available in Vietnam. It suggests to him a serious foul-up in supply. To us it suggests some attempt at restraint by Secretary McNamara. We suppose we should be grateful for every sign of restraint. However, one of the pilot's chief complaints is that the low-level bombing with 250-pounders is largely inaccurate; missions constantly have to be reflown because the bombs were way off target. If the non-tactical destruction is high under these conditions, we can consider what it would be with bombs three times as heavy dropped from twice the altitude.

The pilot does not seem concerned with the havoc that will be wrought by dropping heavier and heavier anvils to kill flies. He is particularly outraged that pilots are dropping the smaller bombs now (the 750-pounders not being available) from higher and higher altitudes, but simply because they are not knocking down the log bridges and water buffalo the way big bombs would. "True professional soldiers," he writes, are leaving the service in disgust, not over the moral issue involved in such bombing (he never mentions it) but because their pride in "destroying as much as they possibly can during every minute of combat" is being eroded by civilian restrictions.

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS

DOES INTERVENTION WORK?

A fundamental issue at stake in the controversy over Communist insurgency in the Third World is this: Does a counterrevolutionary intervention by the United States help or hurt a challenged government? I would argue that the intervention is as likely to hurt as to help—and is more likely to hurt in the kind of situations we face today. I think, moreover, that a major intervention involving the presence of large American forces—25,000 is the number of Americans now in Thailand—can prove fatal.

The essential argument is quite simple. A government may need allies to throw back a foreign invasion, but a civil war has to be won by the people of a country themselves. A government which does win a civil war by means of foreign help has no victory at all; at best it has a cease-fire in a war which goes on underground. The foreigners hurt the side they ostensibly would help because an overwhelming foreign presence undermines the legitimacy, the *national* plausibility, of that side. This argument obviously cannot be made as a matter of absolute principle, nor be warranted to hold true under every circumstance; but I think it has the weight of evidence with it.

Where are the regimes put—or kept—in office by foreign intervention? Hungary springs to mind; but one assumes that Hungarian solutions are not what Washington has in mind when it theorizes about counterinsurgency. There are other regimes which survive because they have a foreign ally whose help gives them power predominance over their rivals—some of the governments of the Trucial Coast of Arabia supported by the British, the Yemeni republican government, the Congo government. But even here it may be that the long-run prospects of these regimes is hurt rather than helped by their foreign ties, lending plausibility to opposition claims to stand for national autonomy. In any case these governments are not wholly compromised; all of them stand for something real, even if it is only (as in Arabia and the Congo) family or tribal or regional alliances. If foreign support were withdrawn they still could make a fight for survival.

These, in any event, are regimes in places which hardly warrant description as political societies. Insurgency in a country which has a national structure and identity means a sizable popular rebellion against a government; by definition it is no invasion by foreign agents and saboteurs. It presupposes an important civil division within the country, a disposition on the part of substantial numbers of citizens to go to war against their rulers. In Asia this kind of social division ordinarily is at root communal or racial. The present trouble in northeast Thailand is not among poor

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peasants *per se*; it is among poor peasants who happen to belong to the Vietnamese and Lao ethnic communities. They are in opposition to what, to them, is a government of foreigners. The Communist rebellion in Malaya in the early 1950s was confined to the Chinese minority in Malaya—a minority economically, socially, and politically cut off from the Malay majority precisely because they were a closely-knit "foreign" element in the community. The Communist troubles in Burma since the war have come among hill tribes rebelling against the rule of ethnic Burmese. The Communist party which gained power in India's Kerala state in 1956 was a movement of Hindus resisting the economic and social domination of the state by a sizable native Christian community.

The division is not always communal. It may be regional (the Philippine and Indonesian Communist movements have important regionalist sources); it may be wholly or predominantly economic or political—nearly always so in the structurally modern states where regional and communal factors have been eroded. The important Greek Communist rebellion of 1944-49 was built on the heritage of a half-century struggle between monarchists and republicans. The important point in all this is that nobody —neither Stalin nor Mao Tse-tung—causes a civil war in another country. The civil war has already got to be there *in potentia*. The role of the outsider is as adviser, gunrunner, provider of refuge, propagandist.

If this is true for the sponsor of a rebellion it is equally true for the state which goes to the assistance of a challenged government. Help can make an important difference provided that the aided government nonetheless wins on its own initiative and with its own fundamental resources. In Greece the Communists were beaten by Greek soldiers commanded by a Greek hero of World War II, General Papagos, under a Greek government whose autonomy and responsibility was never in doubt. (Its liberalism and wisdom were often in doubt, which was part of the problem; but liberalism and intelligence are less important than national authenticity in this kind of a civil crisis.) The number of American soldiers in Greece between 1944 and 1945, it may be added, never exceeded 300, and none of them were combat troops. The Huk rebellion in the Philippines in the late 1940s was won on Philippine initiative with Filipino troops. The Malayan struggle was won by British forces, but the British *were* the Malayan government and had been for a century and a half. Moreover they held the support of the Malay majority, promising national independence.

The Greek Communist rebels, on the other hand, enjoyed not only material help but safe areas, hospitals, and training camps inside Communist Yugoslavia, Albania and Bulgaria. Their headquarters were in Yugoslavia, northwest of Belgrade. The price they paid for this help was to subordinate themselves to a joint Balkan Communist general staff, committing themselves to hand over disputed Greek territories to Albania and Yugoslavia and to give up Greek Macedonia to Bulgaria. They were accused of betraying Greece to its traditional enemies, and the charge stuck; they were fatally compromised. In Burma, India, Indonesia, Japan, Thailand, the same charge of national betrayal has been lodged against Communist rebels or Communist parties, and has been perhaps the most important single element in checking their influence. The contrast with Vietnam is painfully evident; inevitably, it may be, but probably decisively the Communists there have identified themselves with nationalism since 1944, and successive Saigon regimes have never quite freed themselves from the role of foreign pawn.

In Thailand, then, we have today a case in balance. The unrest in the northeast and on the Malaysian frontier is as yet a marginal phenomenon, an old problem given a new dimension. But the Vietnamese Communists have a deep interest in its enlargement and exploitation, and at the same time the Thai government has given a very large commitment to the United States, allowing Thailand to become a base of war against North Vietnam. Americans in Thailand number almost exactly one hundred times the number present in Greece during the Greek war; and the American force in Thailand is growing.

But if the argument I have made is true, the race is not between Communist agitation and American-sponsored countermeasures. These actually complement one another, each tending to enlarge and feed upon its opposition. The race rather is between the two foreign interventions and the political adroitness of the Thais. Communism will not, of its own, bring down the present government in Bangkok. But American friendship might succeed where Communism would fail.

There is, however, an uncongenial reason for optimism. The Thais have a record of survival through cunning. They avoided foreign control in the 19th century in part because Britain and France were content to have a buffer state between their Asian empires, but largely because the Thai (or Siamese) monarchy practiced an astute diplomacy. In this century, Thailand's rulers have been equally adroit —and ruthless—in ensuring Thailand's autonomy. Japan's occupation of Indochina and attack on Burma in 1941 were prudently and immediately followed by a Thai declaration of war upon Britain and the United States. At the same time members of the oligarchical Thai families cooperated with the Allied intelligence services. Thai policy has been to bend so as to avoid breaking: to cooperate with the predominant power in the region while keeping open channels of reinsurance. Unless the Thai elite has lost its traditional touch, we may assume that in the 1960s they again will recognize when to stop, when to step aside from our embrace, when to compromise and reinsure—how to survive. The question for the United States is whether we will make this easy for them or hard. The alternatives may be an autonomous non-Communist Thailand, or an ally and client at war with itself.

WILLIAM PFAFF

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ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

The Archbishop and the Sisters

By now the first shock of the news of restrictions on the Glenmary Sisters by Archbishop Alter of Cincinnati has worn off, but the matter is still one of great concern to many, inside and outside the convent. I know I very much regret the Archbishop's action.

There seems to be general agreement that most communities of women are failing to attract candidates as well as they used to. For this there are many reasons. Time was when the convent was about the only way a woman could really dedicate herself completely to a life of direct service to the Church. These days the lay apostolate offers many opportunities for such service, with the added advantage of requiring a commitment for only a limited period.

Factors like this are involved in the declining number of Sisters' vocations, I am sure. But a more important factor is surely the continuation of rules and restrictions which more and more dedicated women consider handicaps rather than helps. This is one of the reasons that the religious communities of women are undergoing major internal crises, and it was for this very reason that the Glenmary Sisters developed the less rigid way of life Archbishop Alter finds disturbing.

There are too many convents (and rectories and monasteries, for that matter) where life inside has no relationship to or relevance for the community outside. In the streets around the Catholic fortress, people are born, suffer, live and die, all without any meaningful contact with the religious inside—religious who deeply want to help them. A large and growing number of nuns are deeply conscious of this fact, and they are determined to break down the walls of custom and fear that separate them from the work that needs to be done. Their foundresses were usually far-sighted women who formed their community to meet urgent needs in their time. If those needs have now changed, their present-day daughters want only to alter their way of life enough to meet the new needs.

This is the reason the Glenmary Sisters did what they did—drastically simplifying the traditional habit, permitting modern hours for rising and going to bed, having contact—even eating!—with lay people, following their particular charges, the poor of Appalachia, to Chicago and life in a big-city apartment in order to be near them. I don't see why anyone should find this disturbing—I think it is wonderful, and exactly the kind of thing the great founders of religious communities would have done. Does anyone imagine that Francis of Assisi would cut himself off behind stone walls while the people suffered in urban slums all over the country? Would Dominic have been silent when the poor do not have the Gospel preached to them?

The Glenmary Sisters preach the Gospel by bearing Christian witness, by being present among those who need them most. They are doing what thousands of Sisters wish they could do. Curbing them hurts not only their work; it hurts the work of renewal in convents in general. And this is why the matter is important.

There is more ferment inside the religious communities of women, I am convinced, than anywhere else in the American Church. This indicates that in the convents, at least, *aggiornamento* and Vatican II are being taken seriously. But Sisters intent on reform and renewal face many obstacles, one of the main ones being men.

By this time it is commonplace to note the generally inferior position of women inside the Church, and the religious communities of women accurately reflect this fact. Most nuns in America spend the largest part of their time with children, which must be hard enough, day in and day out, as any mother will testify. But then on top of this they are, by canon law and long-standing tradition, treated by-and-large as children themselves.

The nun in America early turned her hand to the tasks that most needed doing. In an immigrant Church, schools and hospitals were primary needs, and this is where the overwhelming majority of nuns can still be found. But more and more Catholics in and out of the convent are asking whether there are not now other needs to which their efforts could also be devoted, in some cases with greater effect. The university world is one striking example. Might it not be far better for a nun Ph.D. to work on the campus at Radcliffe or Bryn Mawr than to continue to teach children? On the other hand, should not many more nuns be working on pre-school programs with the children of the poorest of the poor? Should not other Sisters be showing the victims of poverty how to reorganize their lives and help themselves? Is it not time to treat Sisters as mature women, not children, and let them make more of these decisions for themselves? And will not all this require drastic changes in the constitutions of many communities?

These are the kinds of questions that are being asked in the religious communities of women these days. They are good questions, and I trust that Archbishop Alter's curb on the Glenmary Sisters will in no way inhibit their discussion. It should not, for renewal in the convent is not only important in itself; it can also help to show the rest of the Church how *aggiornamento* can be put into practice. It is, quite obviously, a lesson we badly need to learn.

JAMES O'GARA

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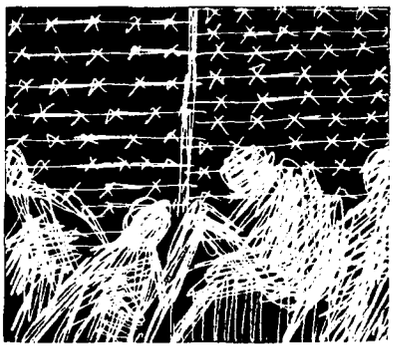

ELIE WIESEL— THE MODERN JOB

MAURICE FRIEDMAN

From an intensive dialogue with Melville, Dostoevsky, Kafka, and Camus, I proposed in my book *Problematic Rebel* the figure of "the Modern Job." This figure makes possible a distinction between *two* types of modern rebels. "The Modern Promethean," unlike his ancient prototype, does not rebel on the ground of a cosmic order that includes man but against any independent other that seems hostile or indifferent to man. "The Modern Job," in contrast, faithfully affirms what confronts him as the "given" of his own existence and at the same time contends with it, as the Biblical Job contends in his dialogue with God.

This Jobian "dialogue with the absurd" does not mean *either* denial *or* affirmation on principle, but standing one's ground and meeting what comes with clear-sighted trust—in each new situation that confronts one, affirming where one can affirm and withstanding where one must withstand. The Modern Job begins with the Nazi occupation of France—Camus' model for *The Plague*—and with the "Job of the gas chambers," in whose name Martin Buber contrasts the Greek tragic hero overcome before "faceless fate" with those who do not put up with earthly existence but struggle for its redemption.

The most impassioned complaint, the most stubborn and faithful dialogue with the absurd, the most moving embodiment of the Modern Job is the work of the young writer Elie Wiesel. His slim volumes—one an autobiography and the others novels—form one unified outcry, one sustained protest, one sobbing and singing prayer. In the first, *Night*, Wiesel tells the story of how he was deported with his family from his Hungarian-Jewish village when he was a child of twelve, how his mother and sister were metamorphosed into the smoke above the crematories, how he and his father suffered through Auschwitz, Buchenwald, and forced winter marches until finally, just before liberation, his father died.

For Wiesel the "death of God" came all at once, without preparation—not as a stage in the history of culture but as a terrifying event that turned the pious Hasidic Jew into a lifelong witness to "the great injustice in the world." He writes, "Never shall I forget those flames which consumed my Faith forever. Never shall I forget that nocturnal silence which deprived me, for all eternity, of the desire to live. Never shall I forget those moments which murdered my God and my soul and turned my dreams to dust. Never shall I forget these things, even if I am condemned to live as long as God Himself. Never." And on a later day when he watched the hanging of a child with the sad face of an angel, he heard someone behind him groan, "Where is God? Where is He? Where can He be now," and a voice within him answered: "Where? Here He is—He has been hanged here, on these gallows."

Wiesel's novels are continuous with the autobiography. In *Dawn* he places this same boy, now called Elisha, in the position of a Jewish terrorist, killing English soldiers in an effort to secure the independence of the Jewish state in Palestine. Elisha had wanted to study philosophy at the Sorbonne in order to rediscover the image of man that had been destroyed for him by the extermination camps: "Where is God to be found? In suffering or in rebellion? When is a man most truly a man? When he submits or when he refuses? Where does suffering lead him? To purification or to bestiality"?

Instead, Elisha gives his future to the "Movement," the first group in his knowledge which changes the destiny of

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the Jew from that of victim to executioner. It is he himself who must execute the English hostage, Captain John Dawson, whom the Movement has sentenced to die as a reprisal for a British hanging. In taking upon himself an act so absolute as killing, he comes to realize, he is making his father, his mother, his teacher, his friends into murderers. He tells himself that he is not a murderer but a soldier, a fighter for freedom, "an idealist who has sacrificed his peace of mind . . . to his people's right to the light of day, to joy, to the laughter of children." But he cannot rid himself of the impression that he has donned the fieldgray uniform of the S. S. officer.

Elisha rediscovers the presence of God when he spends the last hour with the hostage before shooting him. God "was incarnate in the liking with which John Dawson inspired" him. John Dawson is sorry for Elisha and troubled by him—an eighteen-year-old turned terrorist—while Elisha tries in vain to hate him, as if the coming of the Messiah were dependent upon the Jews' finally learning "to hate those who have humiliated and from time to time exterminated them." He commands John Dawson not to smile and kills him before he has time to tell him a story that he wants to tell. "That's it," he says to himself. "It's done. I've killed. I've killed Elisha."

The Laughter of God

In *The Accident* this same figure, now an Israeli correspondent at the United Nations, is almost killed by a taxi, and in the course of a long and painful recovery confronts the fact that he had seen the taxi, that he wanted to die, that he did not fight to stay alive even in the hospital but left the burden entirely on the doctor. When the doctor tells him he must thank God for pulling through, he thinks to himself, "Why thank him? I had not been able to understand for a long time what in the world God had done to deserve man." He sees man as a toy that God, condemned to eternal solitude, created and makes use of to amuse himself. In the beginning there was neither Word nor Love but roaring, eternal laughter, and it is the echoes of this laughter that have tempted him in the past to commit suicide.

Sufferings do not lead to saintliness, he insists to his friend Kathleen, but to selling your soul—and worse, the soul of your friends—for a piece of bread, for some warmth, for a moment of oblivion, of sleep. "Saints die before the end of the story." He is one of the "spiritual cripples" whom the world does not dare to look in the eye, amputees who have lost not their legs or their eyes but their will and their taste for life.

The sufferer is the pariah, the Modern Exile who must live apart from men because he tells them something about their common humanity that they cannot bear: "Men cast aside the one who has known pure suffering, if they cannot make a god out of him; the one who tells them: I suffered not because I was . . . a saint . . . , but only because I am a man, a man like you . . . ; such a man frightens men, because he makes them feel ashamed. . . . He poisons the air. He makes it unfit for breathing. He takes away from joy its spontaneity and its justification. He kills hope and the will to live." The accident occurs the day after he has entered into an agreement with Kathleen that he knows is meaningless—an agreement to let her make him happy and to forget what has happened.

In the last chapter of *The Accident*, the "I" of the story introduces the Hungarian painter Gyula, "a living rock, "a giant in every sense of the word." "We encouraged each other to stick it out, not to make compromises, not come to terms with life, not to accept easy victories." Gyula visits the hospital room repeatedly to do his portrait. When Gyula shows him the completed painting, he knows that he has guessed his secret. The eyes are those of "a man who had seen God commit the most unforgivable crime: to kill without reason."

Gyula silently offers friendship as a proof that if God is dead, man is alive. Man's duty is to make suffering cease, not to increase it. This means a rejection of the lucidity that exchanges the light of hope for the clear darkness of the absurd. Gyula poses the choice of life or death, but to the "I" of the story only lies can make happiness possible, while the truth is on the side of death. Sensing his decision for death, Gyula puts a match to the canvas and burns it up. This act of angry friendship brings tears to the eyes of the man who cannot weep.

" 'No!' I exclaimed in despair. 'Don't do that! Gyula, don't do it! Don't burn Grandmother a second time! Stop, Gyula, stop!' . . . I wanted to throw myself on him, but I was too weak to get out of the bed. I couldn't hold back my tears. I cried a long time after Gyula had closed the door behind him."

Next to Camus' *Plague*, the clearest presentation in literature of the progression through the Modern Promethean to the Modern Job is Wiesel's novel *The Town Beyond the Wall*. The plot of the book is the return of Michael after the war to his native Hungarian city, by the dangerous route of the Black Market, the only organization that can get through the "Iron Curtain." He is arrested by the police and forced to say "prayers," i. e. to stand eight hours at a stretch before a wall without moving, eating, or drinking, in the vain attempt to extract from him a confession as to who helped get him into the country—a confession that would condemn his friend Pedro to death or imprisonment.

After the war and the extermination camps Michael went to Paris and lived in utter solitude in order to seek his God, track him down. Even in his determination not to give in so easily as Job, even in his insistence that he will be a match for God and will defy his inhuman Justice, he still remains in dialogue with God. "He took my childhood; I have a right to ask Him what He did with it." Michael combines the Modern Promethean and the

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Modern Job, and he shows the link between them: in our time man *has* to go through the first to reach the second, but he *may not* remain in the first. The revolt of the Modern Promethean leads to madness, and madness is not, ultimately, an authentic option.

At the death of the "little prince"—a Jewish boy pampered by the Nazis in the concentration camp only to die under a truck in Paris—Michael's suffering leads him to the top of a mountain where he has to concentrate desperately to resist the temptation to jump. "An immense wrath, savage and destructive welled up suddenly in Michael. His eyes flashed. The little prince's death—this death—was too unjust, too absurd. He wanted to pit himself against the angel as Jacob had: fell him with a blow, trample him. One gesture, just one, but a gesture in proportion to his misery."

Death and Madness

It is at this point that Michael recognizes that, greater than the mad revolt of the Modern Promethean, is the tension of the Modern Job who refuses to go mad. "The man who chooses death is following an impulse of liberation from the self; so is the man who chooses madness. . . . To keep our balance then is the most difficult and absurd struggle in human existence." Madness is an easy, comfortable escape, a once-for-all act of free will that destroys freedom. Michael's friend Pedro warns him against the mad revolt which tempts him.

" 'You frighten me,' Pedro said. 'You want to eliminate suffering by pushing it to its extreme: to madness. To say "I suffer, therefore I am" is to become the enemy of man. What you must say is "I suffer, therefore you are." Camus wrote somewhere that to protest against a universe of unhappiness you had to create happiness. That's an arrow pointing the way: it leads to another human being. And not via absurdity.' " These, of all Pedro's words, are the ones that later come to Michael's aid.

Only after he has already come back to his native city does Michael discover what has impelled him to return—the desire to find the man who watched impassively from the square above during the whole week in which the Jews of the "City of Luck" were gathered in the synagogue and deported to their deaths. In Michael's desperate need to understand and to confront this indifferent observer shines forth the trust and the contending of the Modern Job. The man who insists that he felt nothing when he saw the Jews deported, and who resolutely refuses to let himself be humiliated, nonetheless visibly suffers under Michael's contempt, under his refusal to dignify him with hatred. It is this man who turns Michael in, in order to force Michael to hate him rather than simply despise him.

In the prison cell—Michael's last "prayer"—Michael comes closest of all to madness, to "a door opening onto a forest, onto the liberty in which anything is permitted, anything is possible." Michael is obsessed by King Lear "who preferred suffering at the hands of men to flight into a trackless desert," who faced treason and cowardice directly and said, "I am here and nowhere else!" Yet he berates him for not going mad as a way of spitting in their faces, protesting against pain and injustice, rejecting their life and their sanity. Like Ivan Karamazov, Michael wants "to turn his ticket in"—not to reject God but his world.

Madness is indeed the way of the Modern Promethean —Melville's Captain Ahab and Dostoevsky's Kirilov and Ivan. To resist it without glossing over *or* submitting to the suffering that gives rise to it is the way of the Modern Job. The Pedro whom Michael now imagines coming to speak with him in his cell points this latter way and shows it for the sober, courageous revolt that it is: " 'The only valuable protest, or attitude, is one rooted in the uncertain soil of humanity. Remaining human—in spite of all temptations and humiliations—is the only way to hold your own against the Other, whatever it may be . . . To see liberty only in madness is wrong: liberation, yes; liberty, no.' "

Michael finds the alternative to going mad in making himself responsible for his prison cellmate, a young boy who is completely silent and, until he responds to Michael's heartbreaking efforts, completely out of touch. In bringing Eliezer back to dialogue, Michael brings himself back to humanity. Pedro has taught Michael and Michael teaches Eliezer the necessity of clinging to humanity. "It's in humanity itself that we find both our question and the strength to keep it within limits." To flee to a Nirvana through a considered indifference or a sick apathy "is to oppose humanity in the most absurd, useless, and comfortable manner possible." Like Doctor Rieux in *The Plague,* Michael recognizes that "it's harder to remain human than to try to leap beyond humanity." The real heights and the real depths of humanity are found "at your own level, in simple and honest conversation, in glances heavy with existence."

Malach, the Hebrew word that is usually translated as "angel," actually means "messenger." *The Gates of the Forest,* Wiesel's major novel to date, is the story of the lasting effect of two "messengers" on the life of the young Jewish refugee Gregor. Gavriel, the nameless messenger

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to whom he gives his own Hebrew name, is an archetype of Jewish suffering; Leib the Lion is an archetype of heroic Jewish resistance against oppression from Judah Maccabee to the present. Gavriel and Leib accompany Gregor —in person or in memory—through spring when he hides from the Nazis in a cave in the forest, through summer when he plays the role of a feeble-minded mute in the village where Maria, the former family servant, passes him off as her nephew, through autumn when he joins the partisans fighting under the leadership of his childhood friend Leib the Lion, and through winter when he seeks a way forward in postwar New York.

Defiance of the Absurd

Gavriel teaches Gregor that all that is left is to learn to laugh in the face of the horror—a laugh of terrible, bitter defiance of the absurd. It is the laugh of a man poised midway between the Modern Promethean and the Modern Job and holding the tension of both. The message which this messenger brings Gregor is that of the "final solution," the unsuspected extermination of the Jews. His father will not come back. No one will come back. His family has left without hope of return. The Messiah, Gavriel tells Gregor, was almost liberated once by a medieval Kabbalist who succeeded in getting Satan in his power. But he took pity on Satan, and once again the Messiah was imprisoned in the chaos of time and of human hope. Gavriel concludes that he should have hardened his heart, but Gregor protests that he would not want the coming of the Messiah to be the result of a lack of pity, of generosity, even toward Satan himself. "I do not want deliverance to take place through fire, through cruelty, through sacrifices imposed on others."

When the Hungarian soldiers come with dogs, Gavriel gives himself up to prevent their discovering Gregor. Before going, he tells Gregor of how he discovered the Messiah in a simple beadle who at night wept for the destruction of the Temple, for the exile of Israel and that of the Shekhina. When the Nazis came, Gavriel went to Moshe the Silent and demanded that he do his duty and disobey God for the sake of saving from annihilation the people of the witness, the martyr people, the people of the covenant. But the "Messiah" laid down his arms without resisting and let himself be taken prisoner and executed. "I tell you, Gregor," says Gavriel, "that hope is no longer possible nor permitted: . . . the Messiah has come and the world has remained what it was: an immense butchery."

Gregor finds his way to Maria's village where he plays the role of the deaf-mute son of her wayward and excessively attractive sister. Because of his "mother" and because he cannot hear or speak, everyone confesses to Gregor—even the priest! Gregor almost gives himself away when the priest tells him of sheltering a man who must have been Gavriel. It seems that when this man refused to thank God for the fate which had consigned the Jews to two thousand years of persecution to atone for the death of Christ, the priest considered it his Christian duty to expel him from "the dwelling of God," making inevitable his recapture by the Nazis.

The curse that Gregor fails to pronounce on this occasion breaks out of him when he is forced to play Judas at the school play and is almost killed in the frenzy of the crowd. "Miraculously" casting off his dumbness and speaking with the voice of a prophet, he forces the people, including the priest, to beg Judas' pardon—for it is *he*, not Jesus, who is the crucified one. Yet Gregor resists his desire for vengeance and does not tell any of the secrets that have been imparted to him. When he announces that he is not the son of Ileana but a Jew, a smile not of victory but of pity illuminates his face.

Escaping to the forest, he makes contact with a band of Jewish partisans and rediscovers his childhood friend Leib the Lion. When they were boys, Leib had taught him to fight the gang of children that descended on them on their way to school with cries of "dirty Jews!" and "Christ-killers!" on their lips. The mythic proportions that Leib took on then in Gregor's eyes are now realized in fact in his role as leader of the Jewish partisans, a latter-day Bar Kochba.

Gregor informs Leib of what was known for a long time already in Washington, London, and Stockholm but which no one had taken the trouble to radio to the Jews of Transylvania—that the deported Jews were not being taken to factories or labor camps but to extermination centers. The shocked and almost unbelieving Leib orders an attempt to liberate Gavriel from prison to ascertain the truth of Gregor's report and is captured himself in the process. It falls on Gregor to inform the other partisans that their leader is taken and to discover through their dismay and grief the image of man that he represented for them—the Modern Job: "Each of his gestures, each of his words enriched hope by placing it in a climate of simplicity and of humility: we shall conquer for, to the extent that it has a meaning, victory is the domain of man and of that which elevates him, not of that which denies him."

Gregor makes the Promethean laughter of Gavriel and the Jobian courage of Leib his own, and they sustain him and give him strength until that distant day in postwar New York when he is confronted by a Hasidic rabbi who recognizes both his suffering and his pride. When Gregor admits that what he wants is that the Rebbe cease to pray and that he howl instead, the Rebbe, with a movement of revolt, says to him slowly, accentuating every word and stopping after every phrase: "Who has told you that force comes from a cry and not from prayer, from anger and not from compassion? . . . The man who sings is the brother of him who goes to his death fighting."

The dancing, the singing, the joy of the Hasid is *in spite of* the fact that all reason for dancing, singing, and joy

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has been taken from him. " 'He is guilty, do you think that I don't know it? That I keep my eyelids closed and my ears stuffed? That my heart does not bleed, that it does not revolt? That I do not want at times to beat my head against the wall and to howl like a madman, to give free rein to my pain, my disillusionment? Yes, He is guilty, yes, He has made Himself an ally of evil, of death, of murder. But the problem is not solved for all that.' " The revolt of the Modern Promethean is unmasked by the Rebbe as only a romantic gesture. It still leaves the question of what to do, of how to live, of the direction from which salvation and hope must come.

Unable to bear any longer the way his wife Clara betrays him by remaining faithful to her first lover, the dead Leib, Gregor has resolved to leave her. Now, after joining a *minyan* in reciting the *kaddish* (the prayer for the dead), he knows that he will return to Clara to take up again the battle of winning her back to the present, to life. It does not matter whether or not the Messiah comes, Gregor realizes, or—even—that he is too late. If we will be sincere, humble, and strong, the Messiah will come—everyday, a thousand times a day—for he is not a single man but all men. When Clara learns to sing again and Gregor to weep, it will be he that sings and weeps in them.

Gregor's last *kaddish* is for Leib the Lion, his old comrade in battle, who, while alive, incarnated in himself what is immortal in man. This prayer for the dead is also a prayer for life—a prayer that the dead Leib will allow Gregor and Clara to live, but also that, despite their loyalty to the past, Eliezer, Elisha, the "I" of *The Accident*, Michael, Gregor, and Elie Wiesel himself will be able to live for the living and not for the dead. It is a prayer for all of us—for we are all the inheritors of Auschwitz and Hiroshima—that we work our way through to the trust and contending of the Modern Job who meets the living present, including the absurd, with the courage that these "messengers on high" have bequeathed.

Rise of the social Christians

LATIN LEFT

SIDNEY LENS

The Catholic Church in Latin America is normally considered a bastion of reaction, an ally of the oligarchies. This image is still distressingly true, as typified for instance by priests telling their parishioners in the Dominican Republic prior to the June 1 elections that "if you vote for Bosch he will exile priests and you will not be permitted to practice your religion." But it must also be reported that there are priests and lay social Christians who stand at the extreme left, to the left indeed of the Moscow-line Communists. Their number has been growing appreciably in recent years.

Consider Father Neptali Liceta, one of the Church's New Left. Short, sallow-skinned, this 32-year-old priest has been organizing peasants and workers near Huacho, some 80 miles from Lima, Peru, for the last four years. It says something of the mood of Latin America these days that though Father Liceta is a revolutionary who would reconstruct society as totally as any left-wing socialist, his Bishop, a strong conservative, grants him permission to do his work. On the day I met him he was wearing a black suit and black shirt, open collar, and carrying a paperback under his arm on the history of socialism. During the day we spent together, he—and leaders of MOSICP, a peasant union affiliated with the Latin American Confederation of Christian Trade Unionists (CLASC)—took me to a couple of big farms where he had helped form one cooperative and two unions, to a meeting of city trade unionists and to a "Rural Promotion Center" at Mazo where 48 young Indian peasants were being given a four month course in both agricultural techniques and how to implant the "revolution."

At the rural promotion center, financed by West German Christian Democrats, revolutionary talk is incessant. A 20-year-old Indian student told me that when he goes back to his *communidad* in the mountains he plans to organize the indigenous population to seize lands taken away from their forefathers by rapacious landlords. "The trouble with President Belaunde's land reform," he says, "is that it hasn't affected the rich so far. Only a few middle class farmers have lost holdings they didn't use. What I must do is gather my people for a peaceful revolution that will make land reform a reality . . ."

At a *hacienda* that belongs to one of the nation's richest men, Father Liceta has formed a cooperative of 42 laborers to buy not only this farm but four others. They were then negotiating for an $8,000 loan at the bank as a down payment, and they had just finished seizing a patch of government land which they hoped would fill out their future holding. The young priest, who considers his revo-

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lutionary doctrine as the "true Christianity," believes with Gandhi in nonviolence. But he would not rule out for all time and under all circumstances a resort to force. "Right now we can agitate for revolution in Peru through legal means. If the government ever tries to stop us from using such methods to gain justice for the peasant and worker, I will not hesitate to use other methods, including violence. I don't think, however," he adds, "it will come to that."

In foreign policy Father Liceta is a supporter of the "third world"—opposed to both Washington, on the one hand, and Moscow and Peking on the other. In his own mild way he is not chary about condemning the U.S. role in the Dominican Republic and Vietnam.

There are hundreds of religious figures with a similar philosophy in Latin America, some more moderate, some even more radical. A few, such as the late Camilo Torres in Colombia and the Archbishop of Recife, Brazil, Dom Helder Camara, are well known. It is a commentary on present-day Latin America and on the vacuum which the social Christian movement attempts to fill that almost no one, even today, speaks derogatorily of "Camilo." Archbishop Camara and fourteen other bishops in the Northeast, where a quarter of the population lives, recently issued a manifesto calling on the government to improve wages and conditions. The military commander of the 10th region thereupon distributed two circulars to rank-and-file priests calling Dom Helder an agitator, TV star and similar intemperate terms. But instead of weaning the clergy away from the aging Archbishop, who is a close personal friend of Pope Paul, it increased his stock. When Castelo Branco visited Dom Helder afterwards the Archbishop stuck to his guns and the exchange between them is reported to have been vigorous and uncompromising.

Giving Aid to Radicals

Priests not only are organizing peasant circles and unions, but not infrequently helping radicals avoid the strictures placed on them by dictatorial regimes. In July, for instance, the Brazilian government tried to suppress a convention of 300 delegates of the illegal National Student Union (UNE) who were set to meet in Belo Horizonte. Police and soldiers were sent to the railroad station, airport, and throughout town to arrest any delegate setting foot there. But three Catholic orders, the Dominicans, Franciscans and Benedictines helped the delegates evade this dragnet, gave them shelter, and permitted them to meet on religious property, where they propounded a manifesto denouncing imperialism and calling for agrarian reform and revolution. In Rio de Janeiro I attended the meeting of a political youth group in a Catholic primary school, holding secret—and illegal—sessions in an unoccupied classroom.

Everywhere in the nineteen Latin republics one finds religious figures aiding the nationalist movement, and involved in it. Two factors seem to be influencing this development. The first is that the old pattern of governments totally beholden to the oligarchy has broken down in half a dozen countries. Regimes such as those of Belaunde in Peru, Leoni in Venezuela, Lleras in Colombia, Mendez Montenegro in Guatemala, and of course Frei in Chile, at least *talk* about social change and land reform, and to a small extent implement those ideas. Inevitably, therefore, there is a rise in expectations on the part of the mass of people, and the Church, particularly its younger elements, must respond to it. Secondly, more than half of the people in Latin America live under cruel military and civilian dictatorships. In such countries as Brazil, Argentina, Paraguay, there is a great political vacuum crying to be filled—one which the Communists and left-wing socialists, for many reasons, have been unable to fill. Thus here too Christian elements (including Protestants), both religious and lay, tend more and more to shift to the left in order to meet the aspirations of their constituency.

I asked a professor of a Catholic University in Buenos Aires to explain the emergence of radical and liberal priests in his country. In the traditional seminaries, he said, there had been no contact with the outside world. Their education emphasized dogma, but was blithely unconcerned with social problems. But a decade ago, when Peron began to persecute the religious orders, many priests left the seminaries and lived in private homes for two months. On their return, having been exposed to lay problems, they changed many old habits. They now leave the seminaries two days a week to mingle with the poor and they are studying social science to a degree unheard of before. As a result, some of these priests, again for the most part in the younger strata, have turned sharply to the left. The unappeased cry of the people is penetrating the cloistered walls, despite the conservative and reactionary policies at the top. It finds sustenance in the liberal doctrines of Popes Paul and John, and is often secretly encouraged by papal nuncios.

I do not mean to suggest that the Church has been transformed into a liberal, let alone revolutionary, institution. On the contrary, its hierarchy is hostile to reform and yields to change slowly and begrudgingly. But there are new winds blowing, and blowing more strongly than one noted hitherto.

These new winds are also evident in the lay Christian world—and more dramatically. A Christian Democratic movement has mushroomed in the last decade that stretches from the center to the far left. Its crowning achievement, of course, was the election of Eduardo Frei as President of Chile in September 1964. The social Christians are in the government coalition of Peru, they form the main opposition in Venezuela and Salvador, and have active groups of varying sizes in Argentina, Brazil, Paraguay, Guatemala, Panama, and the Domini-

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can Republic. Even more, through CLASC and other agencies, they have organized a couple of million workers and peasants—in fact they have been more successful in the rural areas than any other force in the 19 republics. Everyone is ready to concede that their movement has momentum.

The Pendulum Swings Left

Here too the pendulum seems to be leftward, though in Chile, where the Christian Democrats have state power, and in Venezuela where Rafael Caldera's COPEI is the second biggest party, there are some shifts to the right. On the whole, however, Christian Democracy, unlike its counterparts in Europe is left of center. It contains within it an internationally organized radical wing, around men like Emilio Maspero of CLASC, that is growing in influence, and that, until recently when General Juan Carlos Ongania executed his Argentinian coup, published a magazine from Buenos Aires.

It is not always easy to determine what Christian Democracy stands for. Some of its leaders speak in platitudes about "social justice," interspersing their remarks with long quotations from Popes Pius, John and Paul. The emphasis is on the moral rather than strategic, and the solutions offered usually vague. Thus Rafael Caldera, secretary general of COPEI, speaking in Washington last year, offered a seven-point program to eradicate "world misery" which was a plea for a more equitable response by the developed nations to the underdeveloped ones. There were no ringing words about "imperialism," and no militant strategy for changing the power relationships between rich and poor nations.

On the other hand, the abstract doctrine of Christian Democracy is very radical, and, as elaborated by its left wing, quite concrete. The ultimate goal of the movement, as explained by Jaime Castillo, a cabinet minister in Chile and the party's leading theoretician, is the "communitarian society." In the communitarian society property will be owned in common, rather than individually, and the profit motive replaced by the cooperative one. Along the road toward that goal Castillo and other social Christians would nationalize foreign companies, basic industry, the banks and international trade. Castillo is warmly attracted to the principles of self-management that Tito has put into effect in Yugoslavia to assure workers a role in decisions at the plant level. Even Castillo's jargon has strong traces of the socialist and Communist movements.

The more radical wing of the social Christians actually considers the socialists and Communists as "moderate." It is particularly critical of the Moscow-line Communists, who form a majority of the Communists in Latin America. "Suppose," says Emilio Maspero, secretary-general of CLASC, "that Moscow and Washington come to terms. The Communists will then insist that we slow down our revolution, won't they?" He is critical too of their tendency to work with conservative governments, as they did at one time with Batista in Cuba. He considers them, in fact, a tired, middle-class force, unwilling and unable to organize the rural areas—where the revolution will be largely rooted. Maspero has little faith in the Communist guerrillas of various countries, not because he is necessarily timid about violence but because he considers guerrilla warfare under present circumstances adventurous and sectarian. "The job," he says, "is to organize the masses, the workers, peasants and students. What good does it do for a few dozen men to hide in the mountains and periodically attack the army? What is needed is a mass movement in which millions, even tens of millions, are involved. This is a more militant program than that of the guerrillas, for to build such a movement in Latin America today, particularly in countries like Argentina, Paraguay and Brazil, will result in hundreds and hundreds of martyrs."

In most countries, even the dictatorial ones, CLASC and other social Christian forces are doing just that: trying to organize at the grass roots—unions, cooperatives, credit unions, rural schools, student groups, youth movements. And in all this they emphasize not merely practical needs and reforms, but above all Revolution. It must be conceded that the social Christians have certain advantages that the Communists or socialists do not enjoy; they have the aura of being a native movement, they have links with priests and bishops, here and there, who give them succor, and under the umbrella of the word "Christian" they can propound leftist programs that excite less hostility than when propounded by Communists. They are, however, radical, and if they are not already a more potent force than the Communists they are certainly challenging them ruggedly.

On the other side, the social Christians, left of center, are fervidly anti-Washington—"anti-imperialist." They do not necessarily indulge in harsh language to express their views, but like the left socialists and the Communists they consider the United States State Department as the enemy of Latin American independence. The Alliance for Progress is for them merely a means by which the United States seeks to tie them to its apron strings, a technique for neo-colonial control rather than for developing their nations. They are bitter over American aid for the armies of Latin America and the activities of the American Institute for Free Labor Development (AIFLD) by which the AFL-CIO and the State Department seek to educate Latin unionists, they say, in theories of labor-management cooperation. To them these are all facets of a program to inhibit social revolution. As CLASC puts it, its aim is to "work toward a truly *Latin American* Latin America and a society that is neither capitalist nor Communist, but structured on the idea of human dignity."

This concept of a "Third World" is fundamental to

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the philosophy of the radical Christians and to Latin Americans to whom the term "yankee" is a red flag, and the term "Communism" something that carries foreign connotation. It has considerable appeal. It plays a major role in their growth.

In the final analysis, of course, the experiment in Chile may be decisive in the fortunes of Christian Democracy. Frei's "Revolution in Liberty" has not yet really started, even though he has been in power two years. There have been many reforms and some blueprints for the future, but Frei compromised with the American copper companies by not nationalizing them, and his land reform has also been held up longer than most people expected. On the other hand his subalterns, like Jacques Chonchol who is in charge of the land reform program, have organized tens of thousands of peasants and agricultural laborers, as well as many cooperatives and "neighborhood councils" in the *callampas*—slums—of the cities. These have offered the lower classes of Chile a degree of participation they have never enjoyed before, and a modest growth in real income.

As an answer to Fidel Castro, Frei's program so far is puny. But the radical social Christians hope to play a bigger role in the Christian Democratic party in the future and perhaps bring Frei back to the stronger positions he took before becoming President. At any rate they intend to pursue their organization at the grass roots to edge "The Revolution" forward. Again I am not suggesting that the extreme Christian Democrats are on the verge of seizing power throughout Latin America, or moving ahead with seven-league boots. But they are a force to be reckoned with, and growing.

It may still seem strange to many Americans—even some relatively well-informed Catholics—that such revolutionary non-Communist elements exist in Latin America, particularly among those taking their inspiration from the Catholic Church. But, then, our press and mass media have always simplified political reality into the poles of Communism and anti-Communism. They leave little room for the more meaningful groups who are nationalist but neither Communist nor anti-Communist. There are scores of such groups in the nineteen republics —they were destined to emerge. For Latin America, despite the Alliance for Progress, has had, according to the United Nations, the slowest rate of economic growth of any area in the world. Per capita-wise its food production, according to Senator Gruening, is declining. Under these circumstances and in the light of revolutionary ferment in Asia, Africa and Cuba, it is understandable that more Latin Americans are demanding extreme solutions. It is understandable, too, that the leitmotif here, as in Asia, Africa and Cuba, should be nationalism, and that nationalist movements should pyramid by the dozens. Among these nationalist movements the left-wing of the social Christians is the best organized on an international scale, and seems to be gaining momentum.

LIQUOR IS THICKER

THE STAGE

Edward Albee breaks out the bottles early in his new play "A Delicate Balance." Which means that for the first two acts, it's strictly drink and pour, pour and drink, to the point where reviewing it becomes thirsty work indeed. The third act is set at 7:30 in the morning, which promises a rest to the company elbow: but lo, dawn's early light finds them at it again, lacing their orange juice with vodka and carrying on about the wonder of it as if they had discovered Atlantis.

This is not meant to be the beginning of a temperance lecture—although watching other people drink has never been my particular brand of voyeurism. The boozing in "Virginia Woolf" I found absolutely B-12 (morally acceptable in part with exceptions for unusually mature monsignors) because it was a character in the story. But the drinking in "A Delicate Balance" is not really about anything at all—or at least the small dramatic points it makes are out of proportion to the liquid volume. Filling the glasses has become all too evidently a nervous tic, like the fiction-writer's "he shot her a glance": something to do for your characters when your characters have nothing to do.

And this is the story with "A Delicate Balance," which is no more than half a play, about a year's work from completion. The author, scurrying to keep up with his white rabbit schedule, did not have time to finish it, but simply stuffed the cracks with cotton and was on his way. Before the situation has even been established, the characters are philosophizing about it over their brandy—which reminds one of Ogden Nash's definitive dictum about ice-breaking, that liquor's quicker. Albee is like a jumpy hostess who can't wait to get her guests' tongues loosened, but brings them their drinks out on the driveway.

This tactic may be taken as a likely sign of creative fatigue. One of the great problems connected with writing too much is that it becomes such a bore setting things up every time, making those first weary moves with the pawns. (One novelist I know vows to start his next book at chapter six.) So the hostess analogy is not bad: your play or party does get going quicker with the aid of liquor. Emotional situations can be ripened artificially and you get to your shout-scene sooner. But the neighbors are not fooled and neither is the audience: unless you can arrange to keep the onlookers loaded too, they will see just how little the shouting amounts to.

Anyhow, within minutes we find the cast chaffering over a half-formed situation and a half-empty jug. The husband and wife have failed each other, by the looks of things. Their daughter is about to come home after

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failing her fourth husband (she hates her parents, but keeps coming home anyway). Upstairs lurks the wife's sister, an honest to goodness lush who has failed everybody within the three-mile limit.

Onto this stimulating scene burst a couple of neighbors who are frightened by their own house. This has interesting Thurberish possibilities, and might very well have made the play: but instead of allowing it to grow, Albee first force-feeds it and then impatiently stuns it with talk. The neighbors are escaping from a plague, they have brought their plague with them, do you like their plague? Albee can no longer wait to tell us what's on his mind: his plays are coming perilously close to his interviews in fact.

The point he wants to make about the neighbors is that they have discovered lovelessness in their own house and have brought a cup of it over—only to discover that their hosts already have plenty. This puts the neighbors in the same bag as the daughter, which calls for another round of drinks. The smart-alecky sister enjoys rubbing their collective noses in these home truths, and is told for her pains, that she is the strongest of all of them. "The walking-wounded are often the strongest . . ."

This latter is a common superstition or wish-think of writing folk, who would be king of the hill if it were so. In this case being strong consists mostly of making wisecracks while someone else's ship sinks—someone she has been parasiting off, by the by. Since the sister has taken no responsibility for anything that happens, she demonstrates about as much strength as one of the ushers. It is glib and sentimental to equate her with those few walking-wounded in real life who have managed to make themselves strong.

Probably the only way to save the play would be to dump all the harangues, and explanations, and most of the ideas, and to replace them with scenes. But scenes take longer to write. Those two people who are afraid of their own house are worth a play, and for the few minutes that they are treated comically (a la his own "American Dream") Albee shows us what he might have done with them.

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But he seems to have lost faith, or patience, in his own gift. Treated comically, these people are terrifying; treated seriously, they are nothing. Enough scraps and bits of bone can be found in the play to form the nucleus of a good surreal comedy: but they are kept rigidly apart by lead-weights of preachment and unearned poetry. Maybe the real answer to all this would be for Albee to write prefaces which would contain all his explicit thinking. Perhaps he could then arrange to lose these prefaces.

Of the actors, Rosemary Murphy does nicely by the sister, making her a brackish blend of soddenness and mischief. Henderson Forsythe is good as the vaguely terrified neighbor. Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy are blind-spots of mine, but Mr. Cronyn at least, as the harassed host, is a little better than usual. (*At the Martin Beck*)

WILFRID SHEED

THE FILM FESTIVAL

THE SCREEN

Although Warren Beatty played the lead in one of the better movies in last year's New York Film Festival, "Mickey One," I doubt if the Festival would have asked for his new picture, "Kaleidoscope." This British comedy-thriller is a handsome nothing in which Beatty plays a card-sharp who manages (unbelievably) to mark the original plates that print the cards used in casinos throughout Europe. He then not only wins wherever he plays but also gets involved with pretty Susannah York whose father (Clive Revill) is a Scotland Yard inspector. While this Technicolor picture is often as pretty as a kaleidoscope, it is also as unfunny, entertaining, and empty as one.

Strangely enough, the most played-up item about this year's N.Y. Film Festival was that there were no new American films scheduled. It was reported that the selection committee, who looked at 400 feature films, had asked for "The Appaloosa," (directed by Sidney J. Furie and starring Marlon Brando) and were refused. They were lucky. While this picture is as arty as most Festival films, it had little form or content—and the new-style cinema insists on the former if not the latter. The selection committee was also fortunate in being denied the new Billy Wilder movie, "The Fortune Cookie," which is now set for release. Expertly acted by Jack Lemmon as a TV cameraman, Walter Matthau as his brother-in-law, a shyster lawyer, and Ron Rich as the big Negro halfback who injures Jack slightly during a game, "Cookie" is really only a half-hour TV show expanded into a two-hour verbose movie. While it is amusing at times, it is definitely not Festival fare.

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But what is Festival fare? Amos Vogel, director of the N.Y. Festival, informed readers of the N.Y. *Times*: "The cinema is changing. . . . Unless audiences, exhibitors, distributors, and critics catch up with these new trends, they will be left behind." Thus challenged, audiences flocked to the Festival which ran at Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall from Sept. 12th through the 22nd (many of the programs were sold out) and learned that form is now more important than content, characterization more important than plot (which can be non-existent), and the farther out a new film is the more highly it is considered.

I saw all except a few of the 27 movies shown at this Fourth Festival, and while, as a whole, I liked this year's bunch of films less than the complete programs of the former festivals, I was glad to see the 1966 Festival. We must always remember that if the four-man selection committee is limited by what's available, then that's what we have to see to "catch up with these new trends" and not be "left behind." If the Americans don't want to show any good movies, that's a trend too. And if some of the foreign films, even those made by highly considered directors are a waste of time, then maybe that's a trend too. I could have done very well without Torre Nilsson's "The Eavesdropper," Jean-Luc Godard's "Pierrot Le Fou," and a five-part Czech film which was supposed to show off five Czech directors and didn't live up to its title, "Pearls on the Ground," at all. But even these mediocre movies keep us abreast of what's going on in cinema today.

The films I liked best were "Intimate Lighting," an incredibly funny and warm and poignant (and plotless!) film made by Czech director Ivan Passer, "Almost a Man," a complicated picture of a man going through a mental breakdown, expertly told by Italian producer-director-writer Vittorio de Seta, and "The Burmese Harp," the 1956 Japanese film made by Kon Ichikawa, a N.Y. Festival Retrospective Choice, which in spite of occasional sentimental touches is one of the best anti-war films ever made and gets across it theme far more effectively than the new British horror, "The War Game," which is supposed to terrify us into hating the very idea of nuclear warfare.

Second best, I liked the Scandinavian "Hunger," Alain Resnais' technically interesting but somewhat tiresome "La Guerre Est Finie," Pasolini's "Accattone," the well-directed, amusing, and touching "Loves of a Blonde" made by Czech director Milos Forman, the strange, slow-moving, fascinating Belgian psychological thriller "The Man with the Shaven Head," and the two pictures which are already in release and which I reviewed last week: "The Shameless Old Lady" and "Masculine Feminine."

Most disappointing among this year's Festival items were those with religious connotations: three films which were either trying too hard or not trying enough to say something but they're not sure what. In any case the "what" doesn't come through in Bresson's "Balthazar," or Pasolini's "The Hawks and the Sparrows" or Bunuel's "Simon of the Desert." I have no objection to Bunuel's kidding a saint as he does in "Simon," but his film is such a half-baked affair that nothing is clear except his attempt to give the man the raspberry. Phyllis McGinley did it better in her delightful poem: "And why did Simeon sit like that? . . . It puzzles the age, It puzzles me. It puzzles many A Desert Father. And I think it puzzled the Good Lord, rather."

Some of the movies in this Fourth N.Y. Film Fesitval puzzled me too; but I'm still glad to have seen them. And I'm grateful to Program Director Richard Roud, Amos Vogel, and their good staff members for getting me caught up with the new trends. I still like a film with a plot, but I'm willing to play this "changing cinema" game—for a while at least, until the new change comes along.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

BOOKS

Virginia Woolf's altars to the dead

Virginia Woolf and Her Works

JEAN GUIGUET

Harcourt, Brace, $8.50

JAMES R. MELLOW

In her time, Virginia Woolf was considered a difficult vanguard writer, one of the new breed that, after the First World War, had begun to reconstruct literature. Yet, reading over her better novels—*To The Lighthouse*, for instance, or *The Waves*—one is surprised at how conventional they now seem—and how well-bred: life among the better, educated classes, the play of civilized emotions. She had paid a price for the refined substance of her work; the course of modern literature with its emphasis on the grit of life, its shocking personal revelations, has left her high and dry.

She is, it is true, an incomparable stylist. She can make one feel the transience of the moment and its corresponding sadness. She knows the tarnish that dulls one's better motives, the dampness that settles into one's personal encounters. She developed (not without

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hard labor) a striking technique for dealing with the stream of unconsciousness, that swollen river of ideas, feelings, hopes, discarded ambitions. What she catches is the mutability of one's thoughts, the sudden anguish of finding one's emotions darkening into something painful. But she was not inclined to pursue such leads very far: in her fiction, she was content with the securities of a marginal existence. Reading her novels is like watching a very accomplished pianist who, nonetheless, bears down—too heavily and too often—on the soft pedal.

She was an intelligent writer and a judicious critic. The daughter of an eminent Victorian critic and biographer, Sir Leslie Stephen, she had begun her own career writing literary essays which are a model of their kind, sensitive, witty, full of ripe judgments on writers of the past. Yet despite this, and despite her association with the Bloomsbury group—or, perhaps, in keeping with it (since that group now seems less an intellectual force than a charmed circle of high-minded intelligence)—she is not an intellectual writer. She distrusted systems and philosophies. Her criticism is not of the strenuous analytical kind we are accustomed to nowadays, though it is more pleasurable to read. Nor would we go to Virginia Woolf's fiction, as we do to Gide's, for the excitement of ideas. She is a novelist on the order of Sherwood Anderson, lyrical and poignant, but asking large, unanswerable questions like "What is Life?"

D. H. Lawrence, whom she considered talented but a little vulgar ("After all, English has one million words: why confine yourself to 6? and praise yourself for so doing") had taken a different road. She had settled for the perfections of style. She noted in her diary the thing that they shared in common—"the same pressure to be ourselves." But she found Lawrence airless and confining. His career was distressing: "And then it's harrowing: this panting effort after something: and 'I have £6/10 left' and then Government hoofing him out, like a toad: and banning his book: the brutality of civilized society to this panting agonised man: and how futile it was."

There was no such undignified pant-

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ing in her work. From a woman who suffered from mental disturbances at several periods in her life and who finally committed suicide rather than face another breakdown, it is odd to have, largely, the troubled ruminations of a Mrs. Ramsay, steering her guests and her husband over the shoals of a dinner table conversation. For the darker side of Virginia Woolf's mind, we shall have to wait for the publication of her letters and diaries. (An expurgated version, *A Writer's Diary*, was issued several years ago.) It is said that the diaries are too personal to be published while the people discussed in it are still alive. One hopes so. Although they cannot alter the substance of her published work, they may prove Virginia Woolf to be a woman with a firmer grasp on life than now appears likely.

Meanwhile, Professor Guiguet has come to praise Virginia Woolf. Instead, he nearly buries her and her work beneath the 460-odd pages of a doctoral thesis. In default of biographical material, he concentrates upon her writing. But how dull and plodding he makes an essentially lively writer seem! He recognizes how apt and economical her style is compared with that of her father with his leisurely Victorian approach to a subject, yet he labors for page after page to establish some minor point. One might almost believe that the ghost of Sir Leslie had returned to "do" his more famous daughter.

Guiguet tackles the necessary subjects —her limitations, her manner of writing, her relationship to a writer like Joyce. Yet, too often, he sets these topics out only to roll them back up again. He surmises that Virginia Woolf could hardly have been influenced by *Ulysses* since she found that work raw and distasteful. One might have surmised that her famous style was her main defense against the raw facts of life with which Joyce was dealing. What he has to say—and it might have been reduced to half its length—is that Virginia Woolf is an existentialist. But isn't it beside the point to have to modernize her in his way? She has her virtues, whatever her limitations. He might have stressed—since he belabors so much else—the way in which her novels move toward some ritual absence, the way in which they are constructed like altars to the dead. Mrs. Ramsay dies in *To The Lighthouse*; Jacob Flanders, in *Jacob's Room*; Rachel Vinrace, in *The Voyage Out*; Percival, in *The Waves*;—and these deaths create an absence to which rooms, houses, circles of friends have been erected. These constructions of the mind close round the death and contain it.

In the end, Virgina Woolf created an absence of her own. She had built a life, a style, a group of friends, a reputation as a writer. There was the Hogarth Press which she and her husband, Leonard Woolf, had founded; there were the houses in London and near Lewes (though the London house was bombed out during the Blitz and she felt a curious exhilaration over her loss of possessions); there was her work. In 1941, fearing another attack of madness from which she felt she would not recover, she walked into the River Ouse near her home. It is said that she first filled her pockets with stones.

Fertig

SOL YURICK

Trident Press, $5.95

BRUCE COOK

Sol Yurick's second novel, *Fertig*, met with an indifferent to lukewarm critical reception. Only one reviewer—Martin Tucker in *The Nation*—managed any

A Marxist Challenge

Nearly one-third of the earth pays homage to the teachings of Karl Marx; nearly another third professes the faith of Jesus Christ. A confrontation of the two is an absolute demand of history in our time, a demand which is rendered more exigent by the fact that it is now technologically possible to destroy in the name of rival ideologies every trace of life on earth.

But a dialogue between Marxism and Christianity is an imperative arising out of the very nature of the two worldviews which now find themselves converging on the practical and on the ideological level. Marxists no longer view religion as simply an opiate, but recognize it as an expression of the highest aspirations of the human personality; while Christians are finding in their own new orientation to history and to the work of the world both the possibility of active cooperation with all men and of a deeper understanding of the meaning of the evolution of mankind.

Roger Garaudy, the leading French Marxist philosopher, here traces these lines of convergence—particularly the openness of both worldviews to the call of the infinite; he points out the barriers that yet remain—particularly the question of theism and the Christian attainment of the Kingdom of God at the close of history; and he concludes with a plea for complete frankness in any future encounter of Marxists and Christian believers.

From Anathema to Dialogue, A Marxist Challenge to the Christian Churches, by Roger Garaudy is now available at your bookstore at $3.95.

HERDER AND HERDER
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real enthusiasm for it, telling us that "the impact of the book is tremendous," and then going on to compare it favorably with *Crime and Punishment*. Whoever wrote the capsule review in *The New Yorker* seemed almost to be holding his nose as he pecked it out on his Royal. The rest fell comfortably between these two extremes with lots of room to spare on either side.

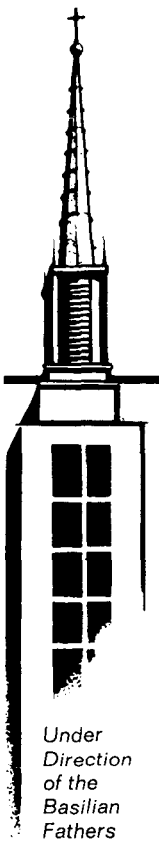
This would not be worth mentioning except that all who commented on the book, whether favorably, unfavorably, or indifferently, seemed to miss the point of it—failed to see, that is, just what there was about *Fertig* that made it essentially different from the many books we have seen lately dealing with the same matter.

Fertig is about murder. It tells the story of one Harry Fertig, accountant, husband, father, nondescript resident of Brooklyn. His only child, a son, dies from acute bureaucratic indifference at a big hospital, which is called (with all the heavy irony Sol Yurick can muster) Mercy General. Months later all of those directly involved in the death of the child, as well as the members of the hospital board—seven in all—are shot to death on the same day. Harry Fertig is, of course, the murderer. He is picked up by the police, more or less by accident, and confesses all, unasked.

So far we are fifty pages into the book; the rest of it—nearly 300 pages—is given to an examination of the effect of Fertig's crime on a number of people who become involved in various ways with him: on Roy Bleakie, his lawyer; on his wife, Sara; on the judge who is to try him; and on the psychiatrist who examines him. Through these people we get the effect of Fertig's crime on society. Fertig's wife sells her story to *Life*; *Time* coins the term "Fertigism" to explain what they perceive as a little-people revolt against the tyranny of cold doctors and heartless hospitals; the judge wants to make an example of Harry Fertig; the psychiatrist wants to make an issue of him.

And so forth. What we have in *Fertig* is not a sort of study in the psychology of murder in the manner of, say, Simenon, nor much less is it an impassioned and protracted dialogue between the criminal and his hunter after *Crime and Punishment*. In the first place, Sol Yurick ignores altogether the step-by-step development of Fertig's resolution and plan to murder; the chapter describing the death of his child is followed by the one in which six months later Fertig murders those whom he considers responsible. And with reference to the *Crime and Punishment* analogy, it should be understood that quite unlike Raskolnikov, Harry Fertig is never given the chance to explain himself, never given an open ear in which he may rehearse his "reasons" for the murder.

No, this novel is quite different. Sol Yurick has invited us to consider the big, front-page murder as an elaborate public ritual, a sort of sacred drama which is played out to provide society with entertainment and emotional catharsis. This seems quite genuine. I found Yurick's insight—which in these terms at least is quite fresh—to be simply and unarguably true. I had the rather weird experience of reading this book, with its seven murders,



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at a time when Richard Speck was being sought in Chicago for eight. Nearly all that has happened since Speck's arrest has followed the Fertig pattern. Yurick was right: we all take part in the ritual. We share a sort of revulsive delectation of the murders and a fascination for the murderer. We are all members of De-Quincey's Society of Connoisseurs in Murder, more than willing to consider murder as one of the fine arts, very happy to be entertained.

Billy Graham

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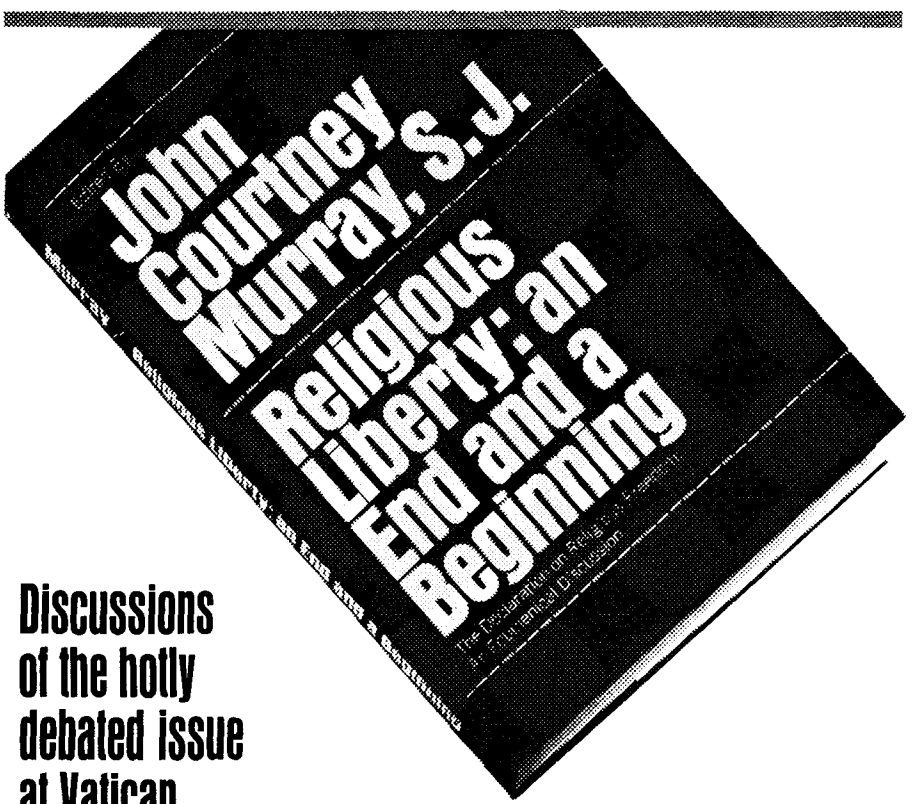
DANIEL J. O'HANLON

The label says "biography," yet only a small fraction of this book is really biography. Most of it is a description and defense of the career and methods of the Billy Graham organization, which stretches back over two decades. The final section concentrates even more on defense of Billy Graham's style of mass evangelism against the objections raised by its critics.

Over the years these criticisms have been many, some of them charging rather crude abuses, others critical of the whole method even at its best. The coarser charges of avarice or mismanagement are easy to answer, for one of the first things Graham did was to pool all contributions in a corporate fund, and keep only a fixed salary for himself and his associates. The charge of sensationalism and over-emotionalism is a little harder to deal with, but the Graham style, particularly at the crucial moment of "coming forward," has steadily moved away from artificial emotional props like sentimental mood music.

One of the oldest and most telling criticisms of mass evangelism has been that it fails to follow up, that a short-term evangelistic blitz by a high-powered team of outsiders is followed up by—nothing. The Graham organization has worked from the beginning toward a solution of this problem. A full year and a half before the London crusade began, for example, four men of the Graham team were sent to the scene to begin a preparatory program which would involve as many as possible of the clergy and laity of the local churches. Graham has come to realize more and more the variety of inner states that "coming forward" can represent: "For some it is a moment of conception, for others it's a stage of gestation, for others it is birth into the Kingdom of God. And for many it's completely spurious and there's nothing to it." So during the crusade, each of the thousands who "came forward" was directed to some local church, and the minister was alerted by correspondence. Twenty-two thousand of the laymen who participated will continue their work in their local churches and 6000 new bible study groups will strengthen the follow-up.

It seems, then, that the issue between Graham and his critics narrows down more and more to something which has little or nothing to do with mismanagement, sensationalism, or failure to follow up. The dispute is really over the funda-



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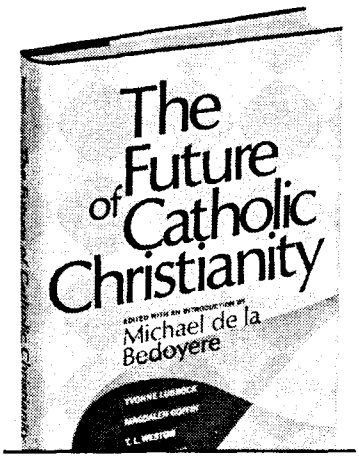

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mental meaning of the Christian Gospel: social commitment or personal salvation? Probably more than any other single man, Billy Graham focuses the long-standing conflict between two groups of Protestants (who increasingly have their Catholic counterparts). One group, whose principal spokesmen in this country are the *Christian Century* and *Christianity and Crisis*, believe, as Cecil Northcott has put it, that "personal salvation is *not* the overwhelming fact of the Bible" and that therefore "the Graham crusade is a redundant anachronism in a world which demands that its Christianity shall be seen in community life, in social justice, in racial honesty and in financial decency."

The other group is now heard in the United States largely through *Christianity Today*, a journal which took shape under Graham's direction a decade ago, and which has grown to a paid circulation well over three times that of the *Christian Century*. Here the emphasis is on personal conversion, with a suspicion of social involvement. Pollock tells us that "in his early days Graham tended to think that if a man were converted he would soon know how to put the world to rights . . . As he grew older he learned that being born again does not make a man an expert in economics or politics or in the multifarious disciplines needed in a modern state. But as Graham's perceptions grew more precise, his conviction was strengthened that the primary task of the Church is not social but redemptive, to proclaim Christ, "Who alone can change man." Graham sees his own ministry as a narrowly specialized one: evangelism which so preaches the Good News of Jesus Christ that men trust Him as Saviour, each by individual repentance and committal. He considers it the

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REVIEWERS

JAMES R. MELLOW edits *Industrial Design* magazine. He has published articles in *New Leader*, *Art National* and others.

BRUCE COOK has contributed fiction and non-fiction articles to various journals including *The Critic* and *The Nation*.

FATHER DANIEL J. O'HANLON, S. J., teaches theology at Alma College in California.

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task of *others* to follow through with concrete application to social problems.

It is difficult for a Catholic to make a fair judgment about Graham. For one thing, most Protestants in this country who are engaged in ecumenical exchange with Catholics have no sympathy at all for him or his method of evangelism. Furthermore, the much more heavily populated sector of Protestantism in which Graham lives, and which admires and supports him, has kept cautiously aloof from ecumenical exchange, especially with Catholics, as one can easily see by leafing through the volumes of *Christianity Today*. Yet it is hard to avoid the impression that Graham's critics are too automatic and unqualified in their condemnation. Perhaps in these days of open dialogue even such different groups as Protestant liberals and Protestant evangelicals can begin to listen a little more carefully to each other. The statement from the evangelical side which this book represents could provide a starting point.

CORRESPONDENCE

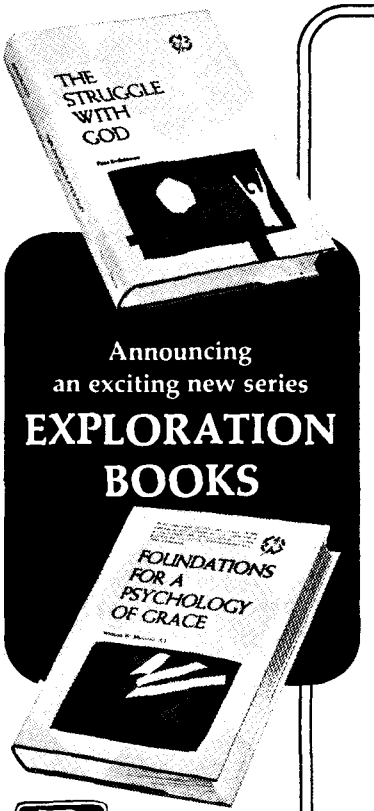
(Continued from page 43)

It may be that the reviewer is K.V.'s closest friend and knows that *Cat's Cradle* and *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater* were stashed away in the author's attic long before *Mother Night* was even conceived, but this I doubt.

Your reviewer was perceptive to notice the poorer quality of *Mother Night*. But by reversing the order of writing, he puts K.V. on a downgrade on which he does not belong.

Finally: the reviewer brushes aside *The Sirens of Titan* and *Player Piano*, by K.V., which are as pungent a couple of pieces of black humor as you could wish for. Or not wish for. "Dubious genre of humorous science fiction" says the reviewer. Indeed! It is no more dubious than any other "genre" per se. Besides, except for a few short stories, I doubt that K.V., however much he likes science fiction writers, would lay strong claim to being a science fiction writer.

STEVEN MOLL



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